FELBERG ENGLISH READERS

VA BANQUE

A crime comedy based on
an original film script by JULIUSZ MACHULSKI

SIMPLIFIED EDITION

Felberg SJA

Jerzy Siemasz

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A crime comedy based on a Juliusz Machulski film

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Warsaw 2002

F E L B E R G E N G L I S H R E A D E R S

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A crime comedy based on an original script by JULIUSZ MACHULSKI

LOWER INTERMEDIATE LEVEL

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Warsaw 2002

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CHAPTER ONE

It was October, 1934. An elegantly dressed young gentleman in **spats** entered a jewelry shop on a side street in Warsaw. His name was Mox and he was wearing glasses. The store looked empty. Soon a salesman appeared and asked him politely: "Yes, sir, may I help you?" with a smile on his face. "I'd like a **necklace**."

Mox leaned over a **showcase**. He did not seem to see the jewelry inside clearly. "This one," he pointed to a **bracelet.** "I beg your pardon, sir, that's a bracelet, not a necklace." "So a bracelet it will be, then."

"Certainly," said the salesman and went to get the key to the
showcase.

Now Mox had second thoughts.

"No, not a bracelet, definitely. Can you show me a fine necklace, please?"

The salesman showed him some necklaces.

"Are you sure these are necklaces?" Mox asked when he looked at the ones the salesman brought.

"P**ositive**, sir. I've been in the business for twenty-four years now."

"May I take a look at this ring, please? It's a ring, right?" "Absolutely."

Mox examined the ring for quite a while. He liked what he saw.

"Since everything is so beautiful, I'll take all of it."

"That will be 9,300 zloties altogether," said the salesman a moment later.

"Why don't you throw something in to make it a full 10,000? Something special, you know."

"At your service, sir," the salesman replied. "How about this?" he showed Mox a gold **brooch.**

"What's that?"

"A brooch, sir."

"Sure."

Now he took a metal object out of his pocket. "Do you know what this is?"

"Just a second, please." And after a moment, "No idea, sir," again smiling politely.

"A **silencer**," Mox said with a smile too. "Will you **wrap** it all

up or should I put this on the gun?"

"Is this a **hold-up**?" asked the salesman, his smile gone.

Another man materialized out of nowhere and said, "I'm afraid so."

"I wouldn't press the alarm if I were you. It may not be good for you. Just smile and wrap all this up," Mox gently advised. His hands shaking, the salesman kept smiling the whole time, very much afraid. Note, for that was the other man's name, ordered him:

"Turn round and look for something in the bottom drawer." "Count to one hundred before you **straighten up**, not earlier!" Mox said as he ran outside, following Note . . .

A moment later, an elderly gentleman entered the shop. Seeing nobody there, he came up to the counter and asked: "Anybody there?"

"Thirty-two . . ." said the salesman in tears as he stood up.

A troupe of acrobats was giving a show in the **courtyard** of a **tenement**. They were dressed in the funny costumes of circus people. Some of them were doing acrobatics, others were helping them, and a girl was blowing fire from her mouth. A man in a hat was watching all this. When the spectators were completely absorbed in the show, he left unnoticed and hurried upstairs.

"I wouldn't press the alarm if I were you. It may not be good for you. Just smile and wrap all this up," Mox gently advised.

Pennies were falling from the open windows, crowded with onlookers. Another man was watching the acrobatics from his window. Suddenly, the one in the hat appeared behind him. The first man turned around . . .

While an acrobat was bending over backward, she saw the figure of a man falling from the sky. The man hit the **cobblestones**. What followed was absolute panic. After a moment someone put a pillow under the man's head. He was definitely dead. One panicked spectator cried out, "It's Rychliński!"

A man in spats watching the scene left in a hurry . . . But once he was in the street, he slowed down.

At Kramer's Commercial Bank, the **president's** secretary **hung up** the phone and went to tell the news to his boss.

"He's coming out today."

"He had to sooner or later," replied Kramer. In a moment he got up and went across the office to another phone. Using his code name he said, "Kramer's Home Bank here. Turn off the alarm system, please."

Soon, the alarm system in the bank's **strongroom** was off.

Kwinto—a middle-aged prisoner, his hair cut short—was being **released**. He followed a guard to a room, where he got his things back, including a **trumpet mouthpiece**. He put on his street clothes in silence. Next he left through the main gate.

"Be seeing you," he heard as the doorman closed the gate behind him.

It had just rained and the street was still wet. There was a dark Fiat parked at a distance as if waiting for him. A droshky was heading in his direction. When it drew near, Kwinto suddenly jumped in. Surprised, the cabbie asked: "You always get in like this?"

But Kwinto did not **bother** to answer. So the droshky rode on. The Fiat started up and followed them.

Kwinto got out in front of a tenement and went upstairs to his apartment. He tried to open the door with his key. The door did not open, however, as the lock must have been changed. So he rang the doorbell. A moment later, a woman, thirtysomething, opened and stood at the door, surprised.

"My God, Henry!" And after a long while: "Come on in." As he came in, she followed, **excited:**

"I'm so glad you're out at last. Just in time for lunch . . . I couldn't visit the last time because I was ill. And then I had to go away to Auntie's because Uncle had died."

Kwinto **embraced** her in silence. But he soon let her go when he noticed another man at the table put down his spoon. Kwinto came into the room, looking **sternly** at both of them. Embarrassed, the woman said, "Oh, I should introduce you. Henry, this is . . ."

". . . Karmelicki. Pleased to meet you," said the man getting up, his hand **outstretched**. Kwinto ignored the hand. "I'll go get you a plate," said the woman, embarrassed, and was off for the kitchen.

Rather than sit Kwinto **bent down** and started examining the legs of the chairs around the table. Karmelicki sat down, surprised. Kwinto pulled his chair from under him, still silent. He put it on the table upside down. To Karmelicki's surprise, he **unscrewed** one of its legs, which was **hollow**. Out of it, he pulled a roll of

bills. Next he handed Karmelicki the chair leg and slowly pocketed the money.

"Please sit down. Don't go! Have some lunch at least!" said the woman, returning with an empty plate. But he dropped his house keys into the plate, and left.

Karmelicki started, mechanically, to unscrew another leg of the chair.

"What're you doing with that chair? Are you crazy? Stop it!" the woman started shouting angrily.

Outside the house, Kwinto noticed the Fiat driving toward him. When he turned, suddenly, Mox stood in his way. "Are you looking for a droshky? We're going your way. You can be sure of that," said Mox, his hand in his pocket holding a gun.

Kwinto noticed it and stopped. There was little he could do now, so he got in the Fiat.

Mox followed him and the car drove off at once.

CHAPTER TWO

A **smartly** dressed man entered the lobby of Kramer's bank. He looked at the counter with **tellers** and headed for the office at once. One of them tried to stop him, but the man wouldn't listen.

"Excuse me, sir! Sir!"

"I must see the president. Let me through!" the man violently

broke away and walked quickly toward the president's office. "The president is busy," the teller explained.

"I demand to see him!" the man replied and stormed into the office.

"Mr. President, your tellers don't want to give me my money!" "What is it, sir? Take it easy," Kramer said quietly.

"My name is Jan Rożek. I deposited all my savings in your bank. And now these **scum**, pardon me, sir, your tellers, that is, don't want to give me them. Isn't that reason enough to get angry?"

"Stop shouting, please, and have some respect for my men!" Kramer got angry too. "Mr. Meyer," he turned to the teller, who'd tried to stop Rożek from entering the office.

"This Mr. Rożek here wants to **make a withdrawal** from a Mr. Kowalski's **account**. So we can't give him the money." "I'm awfully sorry, sir, but only Mr. Kowalski can make a withdrawal from his account."

"Why don't you say something?" Rożek turned to the secretary, who was with Kramer. "It was you who advised me to use a different name. 'There are so many Kowalskis,'

you said, 'that nobody will find out who is who.' And I wouldn't have to pay **tax**. That's exactly what you said. And you called it a 'gentleman's agreement.'"

"Did you really recommend a gentleman's agreement to Mr. Rożek?" Kramer sternly asked his secretary.

"Mr. President, I don't ever do a thing without consulting you, sir," the secretary answered . . . Kramer was silent for a while before he turned to Rożek again: "It's not nice of you to try to

cheat the IRS."

"To treat an honest Pole like me in this way?" cried Rożek. "All because I came to you rather than support foreign capital?! Robbers! Scum! You'll pay for this!" Rożek took out a pistol and started shooting. Kramer was down on the fl oor immediately, trying to get under his desk. His secretary and the teller, however, quickly **overpowered** Rożek. Luckily, he had missed.

"You won't **get away with it**! There's still law and order in this country!"

"Really, Mr. Rożek," Kramer said standing up now, "**pulling**

a gun on me is going too far. But if you stop shouting this nonsense, I won't call the police," he finished quietly as if afraid someone might hear. "Out with him," he told the men. "All right?" he asked Rożek.

Poor Rożek put on his hat and walked out in silence.

"But my money!" he cried in despair in the lobby.

"Get out!" he heard in reply and was kicked out of the bank. "Everything's in order!" said the secretary to the **staff**. "Go back to your work." And he returned to his boss.

"Gentleman's agreement . . ." Kramer repeated. "Was it much?"

"Six thousand," was the answer.

The Fiat left Warsaw and finally stopped in the woods by a river. Mox and Note brought out champagne and glasses. As the cork shot, Mox **raised** a toast, "To your release!" "Nothing special about it. My time was up."

"We don't celebrate every release from prison," Mox added. "Only yours. Henry Kwinto, Poland's number one **safecracker**." "Do I look like one?" Kwinto wondered. "I'm a musician." "Put in prison for bigamy, I suppose," Note laughed. "Yes," Kwinto answered. Now Mox started counting:

"The National Bank in Lvov in 1924, The Credit Bank in Lodz in 1925, The Country Bank in Bydgoszcz in 1927, The Agricultural Bank in Warsaw in 1928. And those are only your major concerts."

"Caught only once in 1928, but did six years, as those other concerts couldn't be **proved**," Note added.

"What do you want?" Kwinto asked after a moment.

"Your cooperation. We have some fine ideas."

"To your health," Kwinto said.

"To yours," echoed Mox. But Kwinto did not drink.

"You won't drink with us?" Mox wondered. "Note, show him." But he showed Kwinto a silencer himself, his **patience** almost finished.

"You've taken me for someone else," Kwinto replied.

"You know what this is?"
"A silencer," Kwinto answered.

"A **deal** or should he put that on the gun?" Note was losing his patience.

"Do you know what this is?" Kwinto took out a metal object. They did not know. "A mouthpiece," Kwinto told them.

"What?"

"A trumpet mouthpiece. I'm a musician."

"Okay," said Note, "if you ever **feel like making** music with us, come to the garage on Okopowa Street."

"You **did** those **safes by ear alone**, right?"

"What safes?"

"That's enough! Mox!" Note got up angrily and took Mox aside. Kwinto stayed in the back seat.

"That's the last time I listen to you! It's not him."

"We have to do something with him," Mox said.

"You mean take him back?" "Of course."

Which they did by driving him back to town.

"A room, please," Kwinto asked the receptionist in a hotel. "I'm sorry, sir . . ." the receptionist started, but noticing a bill in Kwinto's hand, quickly gave him a key. "Here you are, sir," he said.

Kwinto crossed the elegant lobby to go upstairs to his room. He left the door open when he entered and examined the room. The first thing he did was pull away the curtains. He climbed onto the window sill, opened the window, and noticed a fi**re**

escape outside. He returned inside, closed the window and drew the curtains. Then he heard a knock at the door. He went up to the door, waited a moment, and then opened it suddenly. There was no one outside, only a package on the doormat. So he just closed the door and waited. A while later, a man in spats came up to the door, picked up the package, and came in. It was Kramer. Kwinto eyed him silently.

"Welcome back," Kramer broke the silence. "You haven't changed," he added.

Kwinto was watching him with a surprised look on his face. "May I?" Kramer asked, walked up to the table, and sat

down, putting the package in front of him. "Aren't you interested in what's inside?" Kwinto did not say a word.

"It's a **business deal** not a personal **matter**," Kramer explained. "After all, we're both men of business, right?"

"What if I'd told the court of the part you played?" Kwinto finally spoke.

Kramer was slow to answer. "Nothing," he finally said, "I played no part in anything. It was a **setup** . . . I'm telling you the truth," he said when Kwinto moved slowly toward the table. "Remember those **phony bonds**? An inspector found out about our connection and they forced me to help them **catch** you **red**

-handed. Your arrest was a big thing. They had already been teaching about you in the police academy. You were famous." Kwinto walked across the room to the window . . .

"It wasn't easy for me, believe me. We were friends, after all," Kramer continued while Kwinto was looking through the window, silent. "If I'd gone to prison, that would've been the end of everything for me: my career, health, everything. You had your bad reputation already . . . I know it's **cruel**. But at the time it seemed the logical thing to do. I can't **right** that **wrong**, I know. But this," he picked up the package, "can make for an easier future. It's 45,000 zloties. Look!" He took a handful of bills out of the package. "Twice as much you'd have gotten then." "I was inside for 2,196 days," Kwinto finally spoke. "That's about 20 zloties a day. Pretty cheap."

"But fair, I'd say. For six years I've felt bad about it. Now I'm trying to **put things right**. The past is no more. I can be an honest man now because I'm in the money."

Kwinto moved quickly. He grabbed Kramer and pushed him against the wall. He took a gun out of Kramer's pocket and put it to his neck.

"Well, honest man, I dreamed of this moment in my cell. **You**

had it all figured out. Well," he said a moment later, his anger gone, "let's say I'm all **square** with you." He put the gun back into Kramer's pocket.

Kramer collected himself. "You had every right. I forgive you." Now he produced his calling card and put it on the table. "If you're ever in trouble come and see me."

Kwinto sat down in a chair. "You'd better not leave me your address."

"I know what you mean. But **nothing doing**. You can't rob my bank. Ever!"

A moment later he stretched out his hand. Kwinto, however did not shake it.

"You'd be wasting your time," Kramer said leaving. "Nothing doing!" he repeated.

Left alone, Kwinto checked the bills against the light to see if they were good.

Kwinto went to a car dealer.

"Knots was here yesterday. He's looking for men. I'd have recommended you if I'd known. Shall I call him and say you'll do it? The job's easy. No risk at all," said the dealer. They were sitting in a Fiat Kwinto intended to buy. "How much?" Kwinto asked. "A cool 250."

"I mean the car." "Four **grand** if it's for you."

Kwinto handed him the money, started the engine and **pulled up** a moment later.

"It has hydraulic **brakes**," the dealer said proudly.

"I've bought a car. What else do you want?" "Just think it over."

"I have. For six years in my cell. And what I think is enough already."

"What do I tell Knots?"
"To **untie** himself."

CHAPTER THREE

Kwinto drove off and took a ride across town. He parked in front of the tenement where Rychliński had hit the cobblestones. Elegantly dressed, he went upstairs. Marta, an attractive thirtysomething, asked at the door, "So they let you out?" and went inside the apartment. Kwinto slowly closed the door behind him. "Is Tadeusz in?" "No."

"Can I wait? I've come over because he wrote me . . . When will he be back?"

"Tadeusz is dead."

For a moment Kwinto was silent.

"How did it happen?"

"What's it to you?" "He's my friend."

"Was. And I haven't understood it ever since I learned what
you are."
"What happened?"

"He decided to deposit all our money in a bank account. Twenty thousand altogether. On his way home, he was attacked and beaten up. They took the r**eceipt**. So he couldn't make a withdrawal. I don't know even which bank it was. The next day he jumped out the window. '**Suicide**,' the police said." "Tadeusz, suicide?" Kwinto wondered.

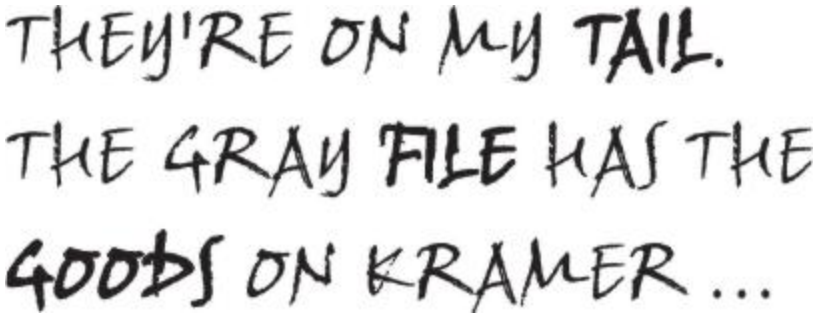
Marta went up to the closet and took out a trumpet case. She handed it to him.

"I know that's what Tadeusz would've wished," she said.

Kwinto opened it up. There was a trumpet inside and a photo. "Tell me," she continued, "was Tadeusz in your . . .

business?" "No, he wasn't. You can be sure of that." "Go now," she said. Kwinto put on his hat and left.

Back in his hotel room, he took out the trumpet and tried to play it. Something was **stuck** in the mouthpiece. He examined it and pulled out a rolled piece of paper. Something was written on the paper. He thought for quite a while and got up. Then he picked up the trumpet and started playing. The piece of paper read:



Something was stuck in the mouthpiece. He examined it and pulled out a rolled piece of paper.

Kwinto played on into the night.

In the morning, he drove to Kramer's bank. He pulled up, got out, and went to a shoeshine boy outside. While the boy was shining his shoes, Kwinto took a good look at the bank. Very smartly dressed, he did not attract much attention. Just a rich-looking gentleman in an elegant Fiat. Next he returned to the car and drove to the garage on Okopowa Street. Mox and Note were in. They were talking angrily. The Fiat they had taken Kwinto in out of town now looked as if it had had an accident. They were sure their boss would never again give them a car to drive. Suddenly, they noticed Kwinto looking at them through the inside window. He was dressed in his Sunday best and meant business. "Isn't it our musician?" Mox asked.

They came up to him, surprised. Kwinto got down to business at once.

"One, sell my car for 5,000 today. Two, find out where Dane lives. That's for tomorrow. The day after we meet by the gate on Smutna Street at 2 p.m. Three, don't get any funny ideas!" "How did you get in?"

"You should be more careful." Kwinto gave them a look and left.

At the bank, the secretary was talking to Kramer. "A package for you, sir."

"See what's inside."

"Money, sir."

"45,000?"

"How did you know?" asked the secretary. Kramer nervously **lit** a cigar.

"There's something else," the secretary added after a moment. He showed Kramer an **obituary** for Rychliński. Kramer took a look at it. "Is he the one who played with Kwinto in the same band?" "Yes, in 1926 or 1927 in a cabaret."

"Why didn't you **check** beforehand?" Kramer shouted angrily. "Get me Krempitsch."

"Yes, sir," the secretary left the office immediately.

"**Dammit**!" Kramer said, furious, and went up to the window.

The door opened and a bald middle-aged man entered. Kramer came up to him with an outstretched hand. "I'm not to be **disturbed**," he said to the secretary. "Cigar?" he asked the man. The man **shook** his head.

There was a r**ehearsal** in the theater. It wasn't going well, so the **director** said, "**Take fifteen**!" to the actors and they all went for a break.

Max and Note were waiting in the lobby. "I'd like to see the owner," said Mox. "What is it?" the director asked them. "I wish to see the owner," Mox said. "That's me."

"Mr. Kwinto would like to play soccer with you."

"I only play tennis. Who is Mr. Kwinto?"

"You're not Dane?" Mox wanted to make sure.

"I haven't seen him since he sold me this place." "Where can I find him?" "He bought a **movie house**, I hear."

"Yes, I did know him, but two years ago," a woman told them when they had found the movie house. "He sold this two years ago." "What's he doing now?" Note asked.

"I don't know. I just sell tickets," the woman said. "Ask the **usher**."

They did, only to learn he wouldn't tell them anything. So they drove off.

A moment later Kwinto got in their Fiat. A man in the street looked after them as they were driving off.

"Dane sold the theater and bought a movie house. He sold it too, two years ago and has another business. He may be selling that as well. Let's look in the paper. Here: "P**eep Show** for Sale," Mox pointed out.

"Is that today's paper?" asked Kwinto. He looked at it. "Interesting! We're playing Victoria today," he added. "They beat us 3:0 in Berlin. We don't have a chance," Note commented. "Who knows?" Kwinto wondered.

At the **soccer** stadium, the crowd was very excited, as Poland was definitely losing. Kwinto noticed Dane in the crowd, so he pushed his way through the spectators. "**Something's rotten in**

the state of Denmark," he said as he sat down behind a small middle-aged man.

"Kwinto! You're out of prison?!" Dane asked without turning his head. "It's nice to see you. You've changed. I wouldn't know you in a crowd."

"And you're hard to find," Kwinto told him. "Luckily your hobbies don't change."

"But only a select few know about them," Dane answered. "How many years has it been, four?"

"Six," Kwinto corrected him. "How about a walk to a bank and back?"

"I've r**etired**."

"So have I. But this is no ordinary walk."

"How big a withdrawal do you plan to make?" "All there is."

"I ask only out of **curiosity**. As you grow older you value **peace and quiet,"** Dane explained why he wouldn't go for it. "I have to do this job—and with you."

The game was going nowhere. So they both got up and left. The man, who had been watching Kwinto as he was driving off in the Fiat, followed them. As they were going slowly down the steps, the man got close behind them. He took out a gun and fired it. The gun had a silencer so nobody heard the **gunshot**. But he hit a spectator who had gotten in between them. The spectator fell to the ground.

"He's fainted," someone cried. "Get a doctor."

"Come on, before the police get here. Quick!" said Dane and they both left in a hurry.

"What's going on?" asked a policeman arriving on the scene. "Stand back!"

CHAPTER FOUR

"Back there you looked as if it was meant for you," Dane said when they were safe in his room. "Are you in some kind of trouble?" In reply Kwinto handed him Kramer's calling card. Dane read:

"Is that the Kramer who told the police to arrest you?"

"That's him. He's now helped a friend of mine to die . . . after he'd robbed him of all he had."

"I see. What kind of **heist** did you have in mind?"

"Va banque!" "More specific, please."

"Remember the Muszka **case**, Cracow 1924?" "Sure. A beautiful plan that failed." "It won't with me."

"Kramer's good on alarms. He worked as a teller for three years. He's an expert. **Get back at** someone else. For a job like this you need two more guys at least."

"I have two guys already. They robbed a jeweler once. They're full of enthusiasm for the heist, and no one knows them." "And what do I do?"

"Help me **break into** the bank. The rest is my business."

"So an alarm expert, two greenhorns, you, and I'm to force **entry**. I'd be a sick man to agree, you know. But the truth is I've not been feeling well lately . . . Now have yourself a look. Your last chance, because I'm selling up." And he showed Kwinto his peep show.

Dane was opening an account in Kramer's bank. Standing at a teller's window, he was looking at the alarm bells on the walls. It took the teller a long time to open the account. So Dane had enough time to take a good look at the alarm system. Boxes of money were **carted** into the bank. A number of doors opened and locked shut under the watchful eyes of security men. All this gave Dane a chance to see more than he expected. The moment he left, Kramer's secretary came out of the side door. He gave the teller a photograph. The teller had some pictures on his desk already. They were photos of **suspects** in case they happened to come into the bank. This time it was Dane's picture that was added to the collection. Naturally, there was a large photo of Kwinto in the middle. The teller took a glance at Dane's picture and looked around the room undecided. But Dane had already left . . . "Excuse me, sir," the secretary entered Kramer's study a moment later.

"This man was here today, one of the tellers reports."

"Dane . . ." Kramer r**ecognized** the face in the picture at once. "He hasn't been heard of in years."

"He opened an account. Maybe he's started **saving**?" the secretary said.

"Maybe so," Kramer replied after a moment of silence.

Dane was sitting in Mox and Note's Fiat, watching the entrance to Kramer's bank. Soon Kramer came out and went to his car.

Another man got in his car and they started talking. A moment later, he got out. Kramer drove off waving him

goodbye. "Find out his address, get to know the company that he keeps, where he eats, everything!" Dane told Mox and Note. Next they drove to the peep show, where Dane continued to explain the plan to them. Kwinto was there already. Dane used photographs to illustrate his explanations. Soon a middle-aged man in a hat appeared on the screen.

"This is Krempitsch, Kramer's **hitman**," Dane identified the man they had seen in Kramer's car. "Seven years in the For**eign**

Legion. He's done a lot of killings."

Kramer's bank appeared in the next picture.

"The bank's on the second fl oor above a restaurant, open

after hours. So that's **out**. The top fl oor is out too: it's a private apartment," Dane finished showing pictures. "But the trickiest thing is the alarm system," he continued when they came closer to him. "They have the best there is: Swiss, made by Ziegler. When the alarm goes off, it blocks all doors and notifies the police. Opening a box of matches is enough to **set off** the alarm." "Can it be **jammed**?" Note asked.

"Yes, but it has to be done at the first try. Like it or not, I have to get inside to do it. But all the ways in are **secured** by the alarm." "So nothing doing," Note sadly admitted.

"A hold-up then in broad daylight!" Mox came up with an idea. "We just put guns to the tellers' heads . . ."

"Brilliant!" Dane commented ironically with a smile. "There are also two guards who change every four hours."

"Which gives us at least six hours," Mox said.

"Yes, except that we have no way of getting in."

"So no chance **whatsoever**?" Kwinto asked.

"There is one or I wouldn't be **wasting** my **breath** . . . Take a careful look at this," Dane put a large sheet of paper

with a plan of the bank on the table. He showed them where he planned to enter.

Kramer was driving out of town. An elegant young woman was trying to stop passing motorists. Her car was standing by the roadside. Kramer noticed her and **pulled over**. He offered his help, as the woman badly needed someone to repair her engine. So she stood by watching him work while he fl irted with her, trying to find out what was wrong. Mox in his Fiat passed by . . .

At the peep show, Dane was checking how the Ziegler alarm system worked. He cut a wire and the alarm went off. It was so loud that Dane got angry seeing Note completely surprised and disoriented. It wasn't until he shouted angrily that Note finally turned it off. Note was watching the master **burglar** at work and was fascinated. Another loud alarm went off. But this time Note was quick to stop it.

"Dammit! It really is Swiss," Dane admitted.

He continued trying to find out how to disconnect the system. Finally, he put a small metal object into the mechanism. That **did**

the trick. He tried several times and the alarm failed to go off when the wire was cut. Note was greatly impressed. "It's Polish know-how!" Dane said smiling with satisfaction. "Everything clear?" Kwinto asked Mox and Note. "If so, don't

let Kramer **out of your sight** tomorrow."

"Don't worry, we won't. We've been watching him the whole week."

"See you tomorrow then."

The young men left.

"Don't you think Kramer might suspect something?" Dane asked.

"I **dropped a hint**, so it would hurt more," Kwinto answered. "But hurt who? You've **been down on** your **luck**

lately."

"That's why I chose you. You're the luckiest guy I know."

"So was my brother who died when he was three," Dane said smiling.

"Change hotels at least. Too many people know where you stay."

"If they come looking for me, they'll find me anyway." Kwinto showed him a **sword** hidden in his walking stick.

"But take this gun just in case," Dane handed him a pistol. "Let me show you our best friend. It **takes care of** those Swiss installations," he showed him the metal object. "That bit of **tin**?"

"Ziegler und Sohn would be furious . . ."

In a nightclub, there was an elegant crowd, listening to a jazz band. Kwinto was playing the trumpet. When they finished a number, he noticed Marta come in. He turned to a fellow musician: "Continue without me." And he went across the room to where Marta was standing. He took her by the arm and led her to a table. "Sorry I invited you here."

"You know I always liked this place," Marta said. "Have you started working?"

"Yes. Thanks for coming. Would you like a drink?"

She did, so he ordered a cocktail and cognac for himself.

"I know some police officers and a **DA**. They'll look into the case and if necessary re-open the **investigation**. If it turns out that someone helped Tadeusz to his death, you'll get money. He had his **life insurance**. The money won't bring him back but you have the right to get it." Marta was silent for a while . . .

"Why are you doing all this?"

"I don't believe it was suicide."

She was silent again.

"Thank you," she said a moment later.

A waiter brought the drinks. A few tables away, Krempitsch was watching them, enjoying his drink. Marta finished her cocktail and left. Kwinto went up to the **bandstand.** "If anyone starts asking questions about me tomorrow, I was here on the bandstand," he told his fellow musicians. After a little while Krempitsch looked at the bandstand but couldn't see Kwinto . . .

Kramer left the bank earlier than usual and went up to a fl ower
girl.

"All those roses, please."
He took the fl owers and went away.

Dane and Note were watching him from the car. "Three hours early?" Note wondered. "I'm not surprised," Dane replied. Note laughed . . .

CHAPTER FIVE

Kramer got out of his car in front of a luxurious apartment house. He took the bunch of fl owers and a bottle, crossed the courtyard and went upstairs. Now Mox appeared and stood by the wall under a window. He had been on Kramer's tail all along. Kramer rang an apartment doorbell. An elegant black man with a cigar in his mouth came out of the neighboring door. He was walking a dog. Kramer was so surprised that he didn't notice his door open. An attractive young woman smiled at him. She was the one he had helped with her car on the road. "Champagne? Why?" she wondered.

"We met a week ago. Time to **celebrate**." And he came in.

In the courtyard, Mox kept watching the window of the woman's apartment.

Upstairs, the woman was back after a moment in a different dress with décolletage.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, but I had to change. Do you like it here?"

"Very much."

"It's my father's place. I stay here when he's away on business.

Sitzen Sie, bitte."

"I beg your pardon?"

"You were to help me with my German, remember?" "*Ah ja! Ich habe vergessen*."

Kramer sat down. He noticed a large photograph on the wall.

He recognized the man in the picture, but he asked: "*Wer ist das?*"

"*Mein Papa*."

"Bielecki and Holzweber. Farm Machinery?"

"Only Bielecki. Holzweber's my uncle."

The woman stood in front of a looking glass.

"Would you help me take off this necklace?" "I'd be delighted to."

Soon the woman drew the curtains. Something fell in front of Note, who was standing under the window. It was a silver necklace! Note put it into a silver box and left . . .

Walking down the street, he was stopped by a man dressed like a **chimney sweep**. Note wanted to break away, but the chimney sweep wouldn't let him. It was Dane. Note handed him the box.

"Now for Kwinto," said Dane and walked away.

Someone's heavy steps were heard on the stairs in the hotel. A hand pressed the **doorknob** but found the door locked. Kwinto noticed it and moved away. Soon the lock was quietly opened with a **skeleton key**. Krempitsch entered the hotel room, gun in hand. But he found it empty.

A blue light was coming through the window, which was open. Krempitsch jumped on the **windowsill** and climbed outside. He practically **impaled** himself on Kwinto's sword. It went through his **belly** easily. Wrapped in the window curtain, Kwinto pushed Krempitsch forward. The gun in Krempitsch's hand silently went off twice and he fell to his death through the glass roof of a greenhouse. Kwinto looked around and put his sword back into the walking stick . . . In a moment, dressed to go out, he went downstairs to leave the hotel. But a man took him by the arm.

"What's the rush? We have orders to bring you in," he said.

He was a **plainclothes** cop.

"Why me?" Kwinto asked.

"Your name is enough."

"You have no right."

"We do. We can hold anyone for 48 hours unless you happen to be a Parliament deputy. Come along with us."

Kwinto looked at the clock on the wall. It was 4:40 p.m. They left through the hotel r**evolving door**, passing by Mox, who was coming in . . . Undisturbed, Mox hurried upstairs. At the bank, a guard fl **ushed the toilet** and closed the door behind him. The moment he left, a **drill bit** went through the toilet wall. As the guard was washing his hands, he heard nothing. Dane and Note were on the roof top, dressed as chimney sweeps. Soon Mox joined them. Downstairs, Note had already drilled holes through the wall of the bank.

"Kwinto hasn't showed up," Mox said worried.

"But I've drilled the holes!" Note told him, irritated.

"What do we do?" Mox asked.

"Wait," Dane told him.

"What could've happened?" Mox wondered.

"Look at how you're dressed for a serious job like this! It's a heist," Dane was critically examining Mox's street clothes. At the police station, Kwinto was waiting, angry. Suddenly, a door opened.

"Good evening, Mr. Kwinto. I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," a voice said from inside. Kwinto entered the room.

"Please be seated," said a man, who turned out to be Karmelicki. "I unscrewed the legs of all the furniture. But there was money in only that one," he laughed. "I expect

you're surprised by our bringing you in. Counselor Walenta reported a burglary at his office, you see. That's why you're here. In routine checks we follow a process of elimination. And you're still number one. You know him?" he handed Kwinto a large photo. "Counselor Walenta?" Kwinto asked.

"That's Adam Szpulski, alias Spool. A car dealer."
"I don't know him," Kwinto said.

"And him?"
"Him neither."
"Bernard Malkiewicz, alias Knots."
"I don't know him."

"Pity . . . You're lucky. It was they who did the break-in. While you were being brought in, they were caught with the **loot** redhanded."

"Nevertheless you've ruined my evening," Kwinto said angrily. "Those are the consequences of your colorful past. Perhaps I could **make it up to** you before we meet again?" Kwinto gave him a long look . . .

"Six o'clock. And?" Max was impatient.

"We're half an hour behind **schedule**," Dane told him. "So we go home now?"

"Those holes could **give** the game **away**. Dammit"
"What a pity!" Mox was angry.

"Let's go. No use staying here."
A police car pulled over.

"The police!" Mox cried. "They're coming to get us. Do we run away?"

"No, were staying here," Dane answered, as he noticed Kwinto get out of the car. The police drove off.

"I knew he'd come if he was still alive." Dane said.

"You really **gave** us a **scare**," said Mox when Kwinto came up to them. "What happened?"

"I overslept," Kwinto answered.

They went on drilling. Finally, they cut a hole in the toilet wall. Note got through first. Nearby, two guards were playing chess, undisturbed. One of them heard some noise. He got up. "Forget it. It's the band downstairs," the other told him.

But the guard went down the corridor. He soon entered the toilet. When he reached the nearest stall door and tried to open it, he heard "Engaged" from the inside.

"Sorry," he said and was immediately knocked **unconscious** by a masked man. The others came out of the stall. One of them took a bunch of keys from the guard.

"Come on. Let's play. I'll show you now," the other guard called to his friend.

At that moment, he saw a gun pulled on him. He put his hands up.

They took away his gun, tied, and **gagged** him. Dane jammed the alarm system. Soon they got to the strongroom. Kwinto tried some magic with the lock. Finally, the safe door opened. "How did you do that?" Mox was fascinated.

"You should've watched," Kwinto answered. He rubbed his hands and, pointing to the rolls of bills behind him, said, "Pack them up."

The band downstairs was playing on. After they put the money in a bag, Dane **unjammed** the alarm system on the safe. They moved on to the exit.

In the meantime, Kramer was showing the young woman, Natalie Bielecki, some card tricks in her apartment. "What card is this, Natalie?" "**Jack of diamonds**," she answered. "A pass of the hand and we have . . ."

"The Ace of diamonds!" she cried out surprised.

"You're so intelligent. The quality I admire most in a woman," said Kramer leaning over her.

"Be a gentleman, Gustav!" she told him.

"I will. I will," he said **patting** her on the shoulder.

On their way out, the masked men passed the knocked-out guard lying on the toilet fl oor, still unconscious. Soon they were back on the roof, where they had started the heist.

"Are you sure you've taken everything?" asked Mox, worried. "Don't worry. We'll read all about it tomorrow," Kwinto said.

CHAPTER SIX

Some detectives were examining the hole in the toilet wall. One of them noticed a metal object on the fl oor. "No **clues**, Inspector," he said.

"Look at this," the inspector handed him the piece of tin found on the fl oor.

"Well?" he turned to the alarm system expert present at the scene.

"It's a complicated system. A break in the **circuit** sets off the alarm. If you jam the **sensors**, the alarm won't go off. The object that jams them should be of this shape . . ." A detective ran up to them:

"We've found fi**ngerprints** on this piece of tin. I'm going back to the office," he told the inspector.

"First take the fingerprints of all the employees of the bank," the inspector answered. "Could this be the circuit-breaker?" he asked the expert, handing him the piece found. "Yes," answered the expert.

They were taking the fingerprints of all the employees now, **including** the two overpowered guards. The one, who had been knocked out, had his head bandaged. Suddenly, Kramer ran into the room.

"Inspector Adventure, **Crime Squad**," the inspector introduced himself to Kramer.

"Thank God it's you who **are in charge**," Kramer told him.

He looked at the two guards. "Are they the ***bulvons*** who were on duty?"

"Yes, sir."

"**Fire** them!" Then he turned to the teller: "How much was there?"

"585,000 plus **securities**."

"How did they get in? It's a **foolproof** system set and controlled from the outside."

"They broke into the toilet from the restaurant ventilation **shaft**," the inspector told him.

"And I never thought of that, dammit! But how can a system like this be jammed?"

"With this," the inspector showed him the bit of tin.

"Ziegler und Sohn are going to pay for this," Kramer said. He turned to the secretary again, "Get Krempitsch!" "He's been missing for two days, sir." "Missing?" Kramer wondered.

In the strongroom, the inspector asked Kramer:

"Please open the safe."

"Why, it's been **blown**."

"Would you, please?"

Kramer did as asked. The safe was completely empty.

"How much space did the money take?" the inspector asked. "The two top shelves," the secretary answered. Kramer asked him for a cigarette.

"Please open the other half of the door."

Kramer lit a cigarette and then opened the other half. Now the inspector spoke:

"Through the opening the burglars made you can only take money from the middle shelf. But not from the top one." "So where's that money?" Kramer shouted angrily.

"Exactly. I think the safe was opened normally and the hole blown later as a **red herring**," the inspector explained.

"So why go to so much trouble?" Kramer asked. "To **fake** a burglary, for example."

"To fake a burglary?!" Kramer cried irritated. He turned to the secretary, "He's suggesting one of us did it!"

"I said that by way of example," the inspector answered. "But we have to fingerprint the whole staff, from the guards to you, sir."

"Me? So you think I did it?" Kramer was surprised. "Or my secretary here? Thank God it's you who are in charge." This was said with sarcasm.

Late at night some chimney sweeps appeared on the roof of Kramer's house. It was definitely not the time to sweep chimneys. Yet what they were doing there and why remains a mystery . . .

A small girl's face appeared in a door **opened a crack.**

"Good morning, anybody home?" a man's voice asked. Marta came to the door, "What is it?" "Mrs. Marta Rychliński?"

"Yes, it's me."

"I have some money for you."

Marta let the man in. It was Mox.

"This is for you, 20,000 zloties altogether."

"This must be a mistake. I have no idea how . . . This is the wrong address."

"There's no mistake."

"It's impossible."

"The head of your husband's bank turned out to be a **crook**. We're checking how much he cheated his clients and giving the money back to them."

"You're from the police," Marta wanted to know.

"From the justice department rather . . ." Mox said embarrassed.

"This is fantastic. I can't believe it. I don't know how to thank you." "For what? We're just doing our job."

He handed her a pen. Marta signed the receipt. An idea came into her head:

"Are you acting on the instructions of Mr. Kwinto? Did he send you here?"

Mox was embarrassed:

"Kwinto? I've never heard the name. Maybe he works in another department."

Marta gave him the pen back.

"Good day," he said. But he was back immediately to take the receipt.

"It's very important . . . Good day to you." "Thank you," said Marta.

The burglars were now **splitting** the loot.

"It's 20,000 for each of us," Kwinto told them.

"Not a princely sum . . . How about your **share**?" Dane asked. "I've collected mine already," Kwinto answered.

"Never have I taken part in such a crazy heist," Dane laughed. "Any other obligations?" Kwinto asked. "No, it's all been paid," Mox said.

"If I'd had this money a month ago, I'd have gone to Rome for the World Cup," Dane told them.

"You'll go when Poland qualifies some day," Kwinto assured him.

"I'd have to wait forty years or more!" said Dane, very skeptical about the Polish national soccer team. They raised a toast. "You sure took your **cut**?" Note pressed Kwinto.

"Who's investigating?" Kwinto asked without bothering to answer.

"Inspector Adventure," Mox said.

"Very good. He's pedantic," Dane assured them. "He should be there by now," Kwinto said.

Kramer ran into his living room, surprised to find the inspector and some policemen there.

"I hope this visit is **justified**. You found any clues?"

"That's why I'm here."

"Good. Be seated, please. Whisky?"

"No, thank you. We're on duty."

"Too bad. I'll drink alone." Kramer poured a glass for himself. The inspector took out a bit of tin out of his pocket. "Remember this?"

"Yes, you showed it to me. Was it the jamming thing?"

"Exactly. There were fingerprints on it which we have identified."

Kramer looked impressed:

"Congratulations!" He raised his glass. "They are, I'm sorry to say, yours."

"Is this a joke?" Kramer asked, irritated. "I've never seen it,

let alone touched it! Maybe the fingerprints are similar to mine?" "Impossible. There's no such thing as identical fingerprints," the inspector assured him.

"What are you trying to do? I'll **sue** you for this," Kramer cried furiously.

"There's one other thing. While we were waiting for you here, we had a look around."

"For that you need a **search warrant**," Kramer told him. "Who's your boss?"

"You think don't know anything about what's illegal?" asked the inspector. "Do you usually keep money in your **laundry**?" "Yes, I always do! Don't you keep jam and toothpaste in your socks?" Kramer joked.

"We found this in your laundry basket."

The inspector asked a policeman to come closer. He came carrying a large bag in his hand. "Empty it," the inspector told him.

A big **pile** of bills fell out of the bag onto the fl oor.

"And what was lost has been found," the inspector was triumphant.

"Jesus Christ!" said Kramer. Now he understood everything. "You **SOB**! I'll get you!" he cried out.

"You called, sir?" the inspector asked amused.

"Why would I rob my own bank?" Kramer, **handcuffed** now, asked the inspector in the police car, driving him to the police station. "For the insurance and the deposits of your clients. If they'd come for their money, you'd say, sorry, I was robbed. I may believe you, but the DA won't, as the **evidence** is against you." "Nonsense. I'm rich enough without this. What if it was a setup? Do you know a man by the name of Kwinto?" "Yes, you set him up six years ago. Maybe he is now trying to take r**evenge**?" asked the inspector. "Absolutely."

"In my 30 years of experience I've never heard of anyone who would **plant** half a million for revenge. But we've checked on him already. He has an alibi."

"Alibi?!" Kramer cried out. "Why haven't you asked me if I have one?"

"Do you?"

"Yes! Turn around!"

The police car drove to the house where Kramer had visited Natalie. The inspector got out first, removed Kramer's handcuffs, and followed him into the building. Kramer knocked at the door impatiently. A man opened.

"Hello! I wish to see Miss Natalie," Kramer said, surprised to see the stranger.

"Wrong address," the man told him. "No such woman lives here." "Natalie Bielecki," Kramer said.

"It must be a mistake." The man tried to close the door but Kramer stuck his foot in.

"I was here yesterday!" cried Kramer in despair.

The man returned to face Kramer: "Who are you and what do you want?" he asked angrily.

"Is that a rent collector?" a woman's voice asked from inside the apartment.

"No, some madman!" the man told her. Now the inspector spoke:

"That's the police. This gentleman says he spent the evening here with a certain lady. May we come in?"

"The law is the law," the man answered and let them in.

Kramer ran in first. But it was a completely different place from the one he remembered.

"I can't believe my eyes . . . This is a **hoax**! The same room. I was here yesterday."

"How strange we didn't meet yesterday," the man said, "but perhaps I didn't even notice you," he joked.

"It's a hoax, Inspector. Arrest these people. They're **in cahoots** with the robbers!" Kramer shouted. "Why, may I ask?" the woman said.

"Don't worry. He's a madman," the man assured her.

"I was here yesterday, Inspector. My word of honor!" Kramer said.

"That's not good enough," the inspector told him.

The police car arrived at the police station. As Kramer was getting out, he noticed a man walking a dog.

"Wait a minute," said Kramer, "the black guy! Let's go back! This will be the best alibi in the world!"

They drove back to the house they had just left. Kramer banged on the door the black man had left when he was there the first time. "Open up!"

An old woman opened the door, angry.

"You have a black man living here? Is he in?"

"What black man?" the woman wondered.

"The one who lives with you," Kramer explained.

"My God! Under one roof with an Antichrist?" she wondered, disoriented.

"Don't you lie to me. A back man walking a dog came out of here yesterday!" Kramer **insisted.**

"Walking a dog? What dog? There's no dog here." She closed the door, irritated.

"I saw a black guy come out, walking a dog!" Kramer shouted. "She's in cahoots with them. Arrest her. I beg you." He wiped his face with his handkerchief. "I saw a dog come out walking a black man, Inspector! I **swear** to God!"

The accompanying detective put the handcuffs back on.

"Right. I've heard enough of your alibi. We're going back to the police station," the inspector finally lost his cool.

The gang was celebrating at a table in the club. Natalie was present, of course.

"Your fiancée is fantastic! No wonder Kramer lost his head," Dane told Mox, who was looking overjoyed.

"I'm his type. If I'd known better, I wouldn't have agreed," she said.

"It's a **miracle** it all worked out," Note added.

"You know what? I have to do it!" Dane exclaimed.

"What exactly?" Kwinto asked.

"Dance with our **decoy**."

"She has legs like the Marshal's **Chestnut**," Kwinto commented, watching the couple swinging on the fl oor.

"I have a great idea," said Mox suddenly. "Guess who will be next?"

"There won't be a next time," Kwinto said seriously.

"Safecrackers never say that," Mox told him.

"You take me for someone else. I'm a musician." Both Mox and Note started laughing. "Is safecracking a bad **trade**?"

When Kramer looked his way, he lowered the paper and smiled. It was Kwinto.

"No worse than others. And it takes more skill than most. Instead of stealing like a manager or head of a corporation, you steal honestly like the good thief you are."

"Nicely put, but why have you robbed so many banks? Why is it always banks?" Mox wanted to know.

"The reason has always been one and the same. Why banks? That's where the money is."

In front of the police station, there was a crowd of reporters waiting and taking pictures.

"How about a comment for the papers, Inspector?"

The inspector ignored this. Some policemen were pushing the crowd back to let Kramer pass.

"Where did you get the idea of robbing your own bank?" asked another reporter.

"Mr. Kramer, how does it feel to be the Polish Al Capone?" An elegant middle-aged man was standing by the wall, watching the scene from behind his newspaper. When Kramer looked his way, he lowered the paper and smiled. It was Kwinto.

EXERCISES

I. COMPREHENSION AND USE OF TENSES

Exercise One

Answer the following questions:

1. What shop did Mox and Note hold up?
2. Why had Kwinto been put in prison?
3. Why did Kramer arrange to kill Rychliński?
4. Where did Kwinto go upon his release?
5. Why did he leave the apartment without lunch?
6. Where did he check in?
7. Why did Mox and Note bother Kwinto?
8. Why did Kramer bring him the money?
9. What did Kwinto do with the money?
10. Why was Kramer afraid when he got the money back?
11. What did he tell Krempitsch to do?
12. Why did Kwinto arrange the heist?
13. Who did he ask to help him?
14. Where did Kwinto find Dane?
15. Why was Dane necessary for the heist?
16. What finally happened to Krempitsch?
17. Why did the police take Kwinto to the station?
18. Who helped the gang to ruin Kramer's alibi?

19. How did the burglars dress?
20. How did they enter the bank?
21. Whom did they have to overpower to do the break-in?
22. What piece of evidence did they leave?
23. Who was the first to benefit from the heist?
24. Why did the inspector suspect Kramer?
25. Where was the stolen money found?
26. Where did Kramer want to prove his alibi?
27. Why didn't he succeed?
28. How did the burglars split the loot?
29. Why did Kwinto use to rob banks?
30. What happened to Kramer in the end?

Exercise Two

Example

A: This story is about a holiday adventure.

B: Oh, come on, what is this story about? C: It's about a heist.

The following sentences have some element(s) different from the original narrative. Ask a specific question about the questionable part. And then have another student give the correct answer as in the example above.

Chapter One

1. Mox entered a butcher's shop.
2. He told the salesman to count to ten.
3. Kwinto got back his saxophone.
4. Kwinto took the money out of a table leg.

Chapter Two

5. A bank teller pulled a gun on Kramer.
6. Kwinto told Mox and Note he was a conductor.
7. Kramer left Kwinto 100,000 zloties.
8. Then Kwinto went to a car dealer to buy a trumpet.

Chapter Three

9. Next he went to visit Kramer.
10. He found Mox and Note in a peep show.
11. Mox went to the movie house to see a film.
12. Kwinto found Dane in a circus.

Chapter Four

13. Dane went to the bank to make a withdrawal.
14. He told Mox and Note to find out Kramer's address.
15. Krempitsch was trying to stop the passing motorists.
16. Marta met Kramer in the club.

Chapter Five

17. Kramer saw an Eskimo going downstairs.
18. Natalie wanted Kramer to help her with her French.
19. Krempitsch impaled himself on a fork.
20. The police arrested Kwinto to question him about the chair leg.
21. The burglars left the guard unconscious in the teller's window.

Chapter Six

22. Kramer said there had been a million in the strongroom.

23. They broke into the bank from the jewelry shop.

24. The inspector suggested that Kwinto had faked the burglary.

25. Kramer brought Marta her 20,000 zloties back.

26. Kramer found the whole gang in his residence.

27. A big pile of bills had been hidden in the toilet.

28. Kramer looked for an alibi in the peep show.

29. Natalie turned out to be Dane's fiancée.

30. Kramer was sent on vacation.

Exercise Three

Put the words in brackets in their proper forms.

1. "I (not press) the alarm if I (be) you. It (may) not be good for you."

2. While an acrobat (bend) over backward, he (see) the figure of a man (fall) from the sky.

3. The door (not open), however, as the lock (must / change *passive*).

4. "I (cannot) visit the last time because I (be) ill. And the I (have / go) away to Auntie's because Uncle (die).

5. He soon (let) her go when he (notice) another man at the table (put) down his spoon.

6. "It (be) you who (advise) me to use a different name. 'There (be) so many Kowalskis,' you (say), 'that nobody (find) out who (be) who.'

7. Kramer (be) down on the fl oor immediately, (try / get) under his desk.

8. "But if you (stop / shout) this nonsense, I (not call) the police," he (finish) quietly as if afraid someone (may) hear.

9. "If you ever (feel) like (make) music with us, (come) to the garage on Okopowa Street."

10. "I (be) sorry, sir . . ." the receptionist (start), but (notice) a bill in Kwinto's hand, quickly (give) him a key.

11. "Your arrest (be) a big thing. They (teach) already about you in the police academy. You (be) famous."

12. "Knots (be) here yesterday. He (look) for men. I (recommend) you if I (know). I (call) him and (say) you (do) it?"

13. He (park) in front of the tenement where Rychliński (hit) the cobblestones.

14. Mox and Note (be) in. They (talk) angrily. The Fiat they (take) Kwinto in out of town now (look) as if it (have) an accident.

15. So she (stand) by (watch) him (work) while he (fl irt) with her, (try / find) out what (be) wrong.

16. "We (run) away?" "No, we (stay) here," Dane (answer), as he (notice) Kwinto (get) out of the car. The police (drive) off.

17. "If I (have) this money a month ago, I (go) to Rome for the World Cup," Dane (tell) them.

18. "I (be) his type. If I (know) better, I (not agree)," Natalie (say).

II. REPORTED SPEECH

Exercise Four

Turn this conversation between Mox and the salesman in the jewelry shop into Reported Speech. Identify first who says what to whom and why to make it look like a good narrative.

"Yes, sir, may I help you?" "I'd like a necklace."

"I beg your pardon, sir. That's a bracelet, not a necklace."

"So a bracelet it will be, then. No, not a bracelet. Can you show me a fine necklace? . . . Are you sure these are necklaces?" "Positive, sir. I've been in the business for twenty-four years now."

"May I take a look at this ring? It's a ring, right?" "Absolutely."

"Since everything is so beautiful, I'll take all of it." "That will be 9,300 zloties altogether."

"Why don't you throw something in to make it a full 10,000?"
"How about this?"
"What's that?"
"A brooch, sir."
"So just smile and wrap it up."

III. VOCABULARY AND COMPOSITION

Exercise Five

Here is a vocabulary of what Mox found in the jewelry shop when he entered: *jewelry shop*, *shop window*, *salesman*, *counter*, *showcases*, *gold*, *silver*, *bracelets*, *necklaces*, *rings*, *brooches*, *drawers.*

Using the words above, try to describe what the shop looked like before Mox and Note held it up.

Exercise Six

Look at the vocabulary of what Jan Rożek found when he stormed into the bank: *lobby*, *counter*, *windows*, *president's office*, *strongroom*, *safe*, *president*, *staff*, *secretary*, *tellers*, *guards*, *accounts*, *savings*, *deposits*, *withdrawals*, *to make a deposit /withdrawal*, '*gentleman's agreement,*' *tax.*

By using the words above, try to describe what the bank looked like and what its clients could do.

Exercise Seven

Take a look at the vocabulary of the Ziegler und Sohn alarm system in Kramer's bank: *alarm system*, *wire*, *go off*, *block doors and notify the police*, *set off the alarm*, *turn off*, *disconnect*, *jam / unjam the system*, *secure*, *installations*, *sensors*, *circuit-breaker.* Try to describe what the alarm system could do if an amateur tried to break in and what Dane had to do to jam it.

ANSWER KEY

TO SELECTED EXERCISES

Exercise Two

1. What did Mox enter? A jeweler's shop.
2. How many did Mox tell the salesman to count to? To one hundred.
3. What did Kwinto get back? His trumpet mouthpiece.
4. What did Kwinto take the money out of? A chair leg.
5. Who pulled a gun on Kramer? Jan Rożek did.
6. What did he tell them he was? A musician.
7. How much money did Kramer leave Kwinto? 45,000 zloties.
8. What Kwinto go to a car dealer to buy? A Fiat.
9. Whom did he go to visit then? Rychliński.
10. Where did he find Mox and Note? In a garage.
11. Why did Mox go to the movie house? To find Dane.
12. Where did Kwinto find Dane? In a stadium.
13. Why did Dane go to the bank? To check the alarm system.
14. Whose address did Dane tell them to find? Krempitsch's.
15. Who was trying to stop the passing motorists? Natalie was.
16. Whom did Marta meet in the club? Kwinto.

17. Whom did Kramer see going downstairs? A black man.

18. What did Natalie want Kramer to help her with? Her German.

19. What did Krempitsch impale himself on? Kwinto's sword.

20. What did the police arrest Kwinto to question him about? A burglary.

21. Where did they leave the guard unconscious? On the toilet fl oor.

22. How much money did Kramer say had been in the strongroom? 585,000 pus securities.

23. Where did they break into the bank from? The restaurant ventilation shaft.

24. Who did the inspector suggest had faked the burglary? Kramer.

25. Who brought Marta her 20,000 zloties back? Mox did.

26. Whom did Kramer find in his residence? The inspector and some policemen.

27. Where had the big pile of bills been hidden? In the laundry basket.

28. Where did Kramer look for an alibi? At Natalie's building.

29. Whose fiancée did Natalie turn out to be? Mox's.

30. Where was Kramer sent? To prison.

Exercise Three

1. "I wouldn't press the alarm if I were you. It may not be good for you."

2. While an acrobat was bending over backward, he saw the figure of a man falling from the sky.

3. The door did not open, however, as the lock must have been changed.

4. "I couldn't visit the last time because I was ill. And then I had to go away to Auntie's because Uncle had died.

5. He soon let her go when he noticed another man at the table put down his spoon.

6. "It was you who advised me to use a different name. 'There are so many Kowalskis,' you said, 'that nobody will find out who is who."

7. Kramer was down on the fl oor immediately, trying to get under his desk.

8. "But if you stop shouting this nonsense, I won't call the police," he finished quietly as if afraid someone might hear.

9. "If you ever feel like making music with us, come to the garage on Okopowa Street."

10. "I'm sorry, sir . . ."the receptionist started, but noticing a bill in Kwinto's hand, quickly gave him a key.

11. "Your arrest was a big thing. They had already been teaching about you in the police academy. You were famous."

12. "Knots was here yesterday. He's looking for men. I'd have recommended you if I'd known. Shall I call him and say that you'll do it?"

13. He parked in front of the tenement where Rychliński had hit the cobblestones.

14. Mox and Note were in. They were talking angrily. The Fiat they had taken Kwinto in out of town now looked as if it had had an accident.

15. So she stood by watching him work while he fl irted with her, trying to find out what was wrong.

16. "Do we run away?" "No, we're staying here," Dane answered, as he noticed Kwinto get out of the car. The police drove off.

17. "If I'd had this money a month ago, I'd have gone to Rome for the World Cup," Dane told them.

18. "I'm his type. If I'd known better, I wouldn't have agreed," Natalie said.

Exercise Four

When Mox entered the shop, the salesman asked (him) if he could help him. So Mox told him that he wanted a necklace. But he pointed to a bracelet. The salesman begged his pardon and corrected him that it was a bracelet, not a necklace. And then Mox decided that it was a bracelet he wanted. A moment later, however, he changed his mind and said it would not be a bracelet. He asked the salesman if he could show him a fine necklace. When the salesman brought him some, he wanted to make sure if they were really necklaces. The salesman was positive about this and added that he had been in the business for twenty-four years already.

Next Mox asked if he might take a look at a ring. And to make sure, he asked if it was a ring, indeed. The salesman said that it was.

Finally, Mox decided that everything was so beautiful that he would take all of it. The salesman told him that would be 9,300 zloties altogether. And then Mox told him to throw something in to make it a full 10,000. The salesman showed him a brooch and asked if that would do. But Mox wanted to know what it was. The salesman said that it was a brooch.

Finally, Mox told him to smile and wrap it all up.

spats *getry*;

necklace *naszyjnik*;

showcase *szklana gablotka*;

bracelet *bransoleta*;

positive *pewien w stu procentach*

brooch *brosza*;

silencer tł*umik*;

wrap up *zapakować*;

hold-up *napad, rabunek;*

straighten up *wyprostować się*;

courtyard *podwórko*;

tenement *kamienica czynszowa*

pennies *tu: grosiki, drobne monety;*

cobblestones *bruk;*

president *tu: prezes;*

hang up *odwiesić słuchawkę*

strongroom *skarbiec;*

release *wypuścić z więzienia*;

trumpet *trąbka*;

mouthpiece *ustnik*;

bother *trudzić się*, tu: *zawracać sobie głowę*;

excite *podniecić*;

embrace *objąć*;

sternly *surowo*

outstretch *wyciągnąć (rękę);*

bend down tu: *schylić się*;

unscrew *odkręcić*;

hollow *pusty w środku, wydrążony*;

bill *banknot*;

smartly *elegancko;*

teller *kasjer w banku*

break away *wyrwać się;*

scum [potocznie] *swołocz*;

make a withdrawal *wypłacić z konta*;

account k*onto*;

tax *podatek*;

cheat the IRS *oszukać urząd podatkowy*

overpower *obezwładnić*;

get away with it [potocznie] *ujść na sucho*, *uniknąć kary*;

pull a gun on (someone) *sterroryzować bronią*;

staff *personel*;

raise *wznieść*;

safecracker*kasiarz*

prove *udowodnić*;

patience *cierpliwość;*

A deal? [potocznie] *Zgoda?*;

feel like verb + -ing *mieć ochotę na* (to co wyraża czasownik);

do (a)

safe by ear alone [potocznie] *rozpruwać kasę „na słuch"* **fi re escape** *wyjście awaryjne na zewnątrz budynku*; **business deal** *transakcja*; **matter** *sprawa*;
setup [slang] *podpucha*, *wmanewrowanie (kogoś) w pułapkę*;
phony bond*podrobiona obligacja*; **catch red-handed** [potocznie] *przyłapać na gorącym uczynku*
cruel *okrutny*; **right (a) wrong** *naprawić krzywdę*; **put things right** *uporządkować sprawy*; Y**ou had it all figured out** [slang] W*szystko sobie wykalkulowałeś*; **be square with (someone)** [slang] *uregulować (z kimś) długi*; **nothing doing** [potocznie] *nic z tego*
grand [slang] *tysiąc*; **pull up** [potocznie] *zatrzymać samochód*; **brake** *hamulec*; **untie** *rozwiązać, rozsupłać,* tu gra słów: Knots '*supły, węzły*'

receipt *dowód wypłaty*;

suicide *samobójstwo;*

stick, stuck, stuck *wsadzić*;

be on (one's) tail [slang] ś*ledzić (kogoś)*;

fi**le** *teczka papierowa*;

goods

(on someone) *informacje obciążające (kogoś)* **light, lit, lit** *zapalić*; **obituary** *klepsydra (w gazecie)*; **check** *sprawdzić*; **Dammit! P***siakrew!*
disturb *przeszkadzać*; **shake, shook, shaken** *potrząsnąć*, tu: *przecząco*; **rehearsal** *próba*, tu: *teatralna*; **director** *reżyser*; **Take fifteen** *polecenie zrobienia piętnastominutowej przerwy*; **movie house** *kino*; **usher** *bileter*; **peep show** *rodzaj fotoplastykonu*
soccer *piłka nożna*; **Something's rotten in the state of Denmark Ź***le się dzieje w państwie Duńskim*, Hamlet I, 4, 90, tu: żartobliwa aluzja do Dane (Duńczyka); r**etire** tu: *wycofać się z interesu*; **curiosity** *ciekawość*;
peace and quiet tu: ś*więty spokój**;*** **gunshot** *strzał*
heist [slang] *skok (na bank)*; **case** *sprawa (sądowa)*; **get back** [slang] *odegrać się (na kimś)*
break into wł*amać się*; **entry** *wejście*; **cart** *wozić na wózku*; **suspect** *podejrzany*; r**ecognize** *rozpoznać*; **save** *oszczędzać*
hitman [slang] *najemny zbir do mokrej roboty*; For**eign Legion** L*egia Cudzoziemska*; **after hours** *po godzinach pracy*; **out** tu: *wykluczone*; **set off w***łączyć (alarm)*; **jam***zablokować*; **secure** *zabezpieczyć*; **whatsoever** słowo nadające emfazę zdaniu przeczącemu; **waste (one's) breath** *mówić na próżno*, *strzępić język nadaremno*

pull over *zjechać na pobocze i zatrzymać się*;

burglar *włamywacz;*

do the

trick *uzyskać pożądany efekt;* **let out of (one's) sight** *nie spuszczać z oka*;

drop a hint *dać do zrozumienia;*

be down on (one's) luck *mieć pecha*

sword tu: *szpada*;

take care of tu: *poradzić sobie z*;

tin tu: *blaszka*;

DA *prokurator rejonowy*;

investigation ś*ledztwo*;

life insurance *ubezpieczenie na życie*

bandstand *podium dla orkiestry*;

celebrate *uczcić okazję*

chimney sweep k*ominiarz*;

doorknob *klamka*;

skeleton key *wytrych*;

windowsill *parapet*;

impale *nadziać się (jak na pal)*;

belly *brzuch*

plainclothes tu: *tajniak*;

r**evolving door** *drzwi obrotowe*;

fl **ush (the toilet)** *spuścić wodę (w muszli klozetowej)*;

drill bit *wiertło*

loot ł*up;* **make it up to (someone)** tu: *zrekompensować (komuś) krzywdę*;

(behind) schedule *(spóźnieni wobec) planu*;

give away [potocznie] *sypnąć, wydać, ujawnić prawdę*

give (someone) a scare [potocznie] *przestraszyć (kogoś)*;

unconscious *nieprzytomny*;

gag *zakneblować*;

unjam *odblokować*;

jack of diamonds *walet karo*

pat *poklepać*;

clue ś*lad (istotny dla śledztwa)*;

circuit *obwód elektryczny*;

sensor *czujnik*;

fi**ngerprint** *odcisk palca*;

including w*łączając*

crime squad *policja kryminalna*;

be in charge *kierować (czymś);*

bulvon [slang, obraźliwie] *bałwan*;

fi**re** [potocznie] *wyrzucić z pracy*;

security *papier wartościowy*;

foolproof*niezawodny*, *nie do rozszyfrowania*;

shaft *szyb*;

blow, blew, blown *wysadzić przy pomocy materiałów wybuchowych*

red herring *fałszywy trop*;

fake tu: *upozorować*;

open a crack *uchylić drzwi*;

crook *oszust*, *hochsztapler*

split [potocznie] *dzielić*;

share *udział*;

cut [slang] *działka*, *dola*

justify *usprawiedliwić*;

let alone tu: *a tym bardziej nie...*;

sue *zaskarżyć do sądu*;

search warrant są*dowy nakaz rewizji*;

laundry *rzeczy przeznaczone do prania*

pile [potocznie] *duża ilość*;

SOB [slang] *Sukinsyn!*;

handcuffed *w kajdankach*;

evidence *dowody (sądowe)*;

r**evenge** *zemsta*;

plant [potocznie] *podłożyć komuś coś, co go obciąży podczas dochodzenia*

hoax *oszustwo, bujda*;

in cahoots [slang] *w zmowie*

insist *upierać się przy swoim*;

swear *przysięgać*;

miracle *cud*;

decoy *wabik*, *przynęta*;

Chestnut K*asztanka* (nazwa karego konia);

trade *fach*, *zajęcie*